

(beg me) let me be your taste test by MsThing (JourneyIntoMisery)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: BAMF Nancy Wheeler, Bad Dirty Talk, Billy Hargrove Being an Asshole, Bisexual Steve Harrington, Dirty Talk, Explicit Sexual Content, Gen, Good Babysitter Steve Harrington, M/M, Past Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Post-Canon, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Rating: NC17, Rough Sex, Steve Feels, apathetic steve harrington, implied ptsd at least, probably

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers & Steve Harrington & Nancy Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-12-02

Updated: 2017-12-02

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:08:10

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,971

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Ice is melting on Billy's chest but he doesn't seem to care. His whole body is flushed, his eyes are dark as he stares Steve directly in his — it's a little uncomfortable to be watched when he is riding someone, but he can't look away. There is something in them, something dangerous and hot and Steve's breath hitches as he thinks about it. He closes his eyes and swallows loudly before picks up his pace.

Or: Steve fucks, Nancy punches, Jonathan worries and Billy. Well. He's just Billy.

(unrevised work)

(beg me) let me be your taste test

Author's Note:

Stranger Things does not belong to me.

Title comes (and is inspired by) from "Ghost", by Halsey.

This is an unrevised work, so I'm sorry for my mistakes.

"I'm worried about you."

Steve frowns and turns his head to stare at Jonathan, who is not looking at him. His eyes are cast down, staring intently at the bath as his photos slowly begin to take form inside the chemicals. In there Jonathan looks like he is covered in blood, illuminated in it and Steve wonders how he can still stand this place after everything they went through. Even if he didn't suffer as much as Nancy or Mike or Jonathan's kid brother Will, Steve himself avoids the forest as much as he can now and has developed some claustrophobia. A minor one, but still.

"What?" Steve asks as Jonathan does not elaborate on his thoughts.

Things are better for them now that Nancy and he are together. Steve always knew it would happen, deep down, and he finds out he likes them both better like this. It's as if he can finally breathe around them, unafraid his heart will break. It has been broken, sure, but Steve always liked to rip out the band-aid in one go instead of waiting for it to come out eventually, naturally.

Jonathan still doesn't look at Steve, does not answer him, but there is a smile on his face. Must be a picture of Nancy. "You've been hanging a lot with that Hargrove guy." He finally says.

"Oh." He feels himself blush, but in there everything is blood red and thus Jonathan cannot see the abnormal color on his cheeks. "Right. That."

“That’s it?”

“What do you want me to tell you? That he’s a cool guy when you get to know him? Because that’s not true.” Steve jokes around, only half lying. Billy still is a fucking asshole and he doesn’t know him all that much to change his mind on this. They only do one thing when they’re together. Well, two, if you count all the arguing and teasing.

Heat pools in his stomach and he squirms a little where he is sitting, getting hard inside his jeans.

Jonathan finally looks at him. His eyes shine weird in this light and remind Steve of Will possessed by that creature. Steve shivers. “Just be careful. He’s bad news.”

Steve snorts at that. “Well, guess what? So am I.”

Jonathan laughs out loud, throws his head and just laughs, something he rarely does around people — and Steve is glad to see this —, not believing him one bit.

.

Truth be told, Billy reminds Steve of who he was before Nancy and Jonathan and that creature. Popular Steve, *King Steve* was cooler than Yeah, Of Course I Will Watch Dustin This Weekend, Mrs. Henderson Steve, though Steve prefers this *him* who babysits Eleven (*Jane*) when Hop is running late investigating missing gnomes (*according to Dustin, it has to be related to the Upside Down, but Steve doubts it*). He likes to be around these kids, even if that means he has to do something stupid such as kill monsters from another dimension or understand the basic rules of an RPG session so Eleven won’t feel stupid when they finally teach her the game.

Yes, stupid. After the first one, you kind of guy used to it. And, you know, kind of gets fed up with it too.

He’s obviously talking about the monsters, not the RPG sessions.

Saying all this, Steve doesn't know why he spends so much time with Billy.

Don't lie to yourself. Steve thinks as he watches Billy drive them to his place. The sun is setting and it's orange light colors Billy silhouette, draws him as if he was a painting instead of a man.

Steve wants to reach out and kiss him. And that is something he did not feel when he was King Steve. Hell, it's not something he feels when he is Steve the babysitter either — it's something he feels like he is Steve's Billy, someone else entirely, sometimes. An amalgam (*thanks, Dustin*) of who he was and who he is now.

It scares him more than it should.

.

Steve grips the sheets of his bed as Billy yanks his hair. He lets out a small laugh at Steve's pained moan and ondulates his hips to reverberate inside him, to force Steve to beg him to do him faster, fuck him harder and *ah, right there, again, please, please, please, don't stop now Hargrove.*

"Say my name." Billy whispers, his breath hot on Steve's neck. "Say it, c'mon. You can do it, Stevie."

"*Billy.*"

"Billy, what?"

"Billy, *please.*" Steve sobs.

He thrusts harder and he sighs in relief. "There, wasn't so hard, was it?"

Steve laughs a little. "You're right. It wasn't near as hard as I asked."

He is slapped in the ass because of his smart mouth and finds out he likes this pain.

.

Nancy's eyes see all.

She stares at Steve with deadly seriousness and he fidgets a little in

his seat. She is inside his car, Jonathan taking pictures just outside on the parking lot and it feels as if they are dealing drugs instead of just talking.

They're not talking.

Nancy is just staring at him and Steve is sweating under her watchful eyes. He doesn't dare start a conversation.

When she gets tired of watching Steve go restless, Nancy finally speaks. "What is going on with Billy Hargrove?"

Her voice is soft and it has an edge that unsettles Steve more than he wanted. "What?"

"He watches you a lot." She says, by means of an explanation.

"He hates me?" Steve tries, voice small, and once this would be an affirmation. Once, this would be confident. Near Nancy, he is weak in his lies.

"No, I don't think he does." It's all she says.

Nancy keeps staring until Steve tells her everything, her attentive eyes never searching for his ashamed ones.

.

Steve lets Billy come by to tell him he told everything they are to Nancy. Just to warn him, because there are two people in this secret and Steve is not the type of asshole to keep quiet about revealing it to someone else. He trusts Nancy and Jonathan. He trusts Nancy more than anything. Still, it's Billy's right to know she knows and he was enough of a jackass to not ask him if he could, before he told — in his defense, though, it's *Nancy*.

However, Steve's voice died after a kiss, after his back met a wall, after Billy went down on his knees with that Cheshire (*thanks again, Dustin*) smile. Now his temple scratches the thin fabric of the couch and Billy thrusts inside him with violent intent, between his open legs. Steve's hands are on his nipples, playing with himself because Billy told him to when he penetrated him, told him to get them so

hard they would be sore when they were done — sore the next day.

Steve's hair is a mess; the sound of his skin slapping against Billy's every time his hips connect with his ass makes him blush even more. He wants to touch himself. Steve licks his lips, tastes blood in them, right where Billy bit hard and laughed when he called him an asshole for it.

He's hot all over. His back hurts. Steve stares at his shirt, thrown over the table on the center of his living room. His mother picked it herself. A few feet from it, he can see his reflection on the TV his father brought from a trip to New York. His reflection is all blurry, but there he is: spread out with Billy above him, holding his ankles open, grunting and moaning Steve's name (*and words like whore and slut and babe you feel so fucking good*).

"I'm going to come." Steve warns Billy and he pinches his own nipples. The pain makes him arch his back. Fuck, he wants to come now.

"No. Not yet." Billy orders. Steve turns his head to stare at him and Billy licks his lower lip as he smiles, before he thrusts into Steve again, closing his eyes, speeding up. Steve moans, his hand trails down his body, from his nipples to his cock (*s l o w l y*), only to tease Billy. In response, Billy crowds him in with his body, goes chest to chest with Steve, suffocates him there in this way he likes more than he should.

Steve's hands search for Billy's ass and he grabs his cheeks, forcing Billy to go deeper and deeper with his thrusts. His mouth opens but no sound gets out.

And he complies. Steve tries his best to not come now (*and wins against his own desires*). He wonders when he started to obey Billy. When he started liking.

.

Billy screams and screams and screams and Steve wonders when he became so calm. Before he would scream right back at him, take every word that is being thrown at him and push back at Billy, but he

guesses he finally grew up enough to not respond in kind to this kind of bait.

He is the stable one, he understands it now. So he stares at Billy as he screams about killing that *bitch* and how Steve ruined everything, ruined his life and if people find out Billy will end him. "I'll end you, did you hear me?" Billy screams again and the vein in his neck is so prominent Steve wonders how he hasn't had a stroke from all this.

Steve sighs and scratches his post-coital messy hair. It's time for him to talk, he knows that, but there isn't much to say. It was not in his place to tell Nancy something without talking to Billy first, yes, but Nancy already knew it. And Nancy is a friend, his friend. The type of friend Billy never knew a girl could be — a feeling Steve shared too, before meeting Nancy properly, before falling in love with her, before getting his heart broken by her and still want her in his life.

Instead of thinking of a proper answer, Steve thinks he still has homework to do. Nancy will probably want to check — or Dustin — so he should probably do it today.

"Don't call her that, Hargrove." Is all Steve says about this, in the end. "You can call me whatever you want, just don't call her that."

Billy laughs an ugly laugh and leaves. He closes the door so hard Steve has to check if he didn't break it.

Then, he goes to do his homework.

.

Before he would be a little bit worried about Billy's threats. He is big and he is violent and he is prone to do what he has promised. But this is Nancy he is talking about and most people — everyone, really — don't know Nancy like Steve does.

He would be far worried if Billy was threatening Jonathan.

The universe teaches this to Billy eventually. After three weeks of radio silence, of being pushed around in school and in the court, of being ignored in the shower, of coming home alone and staying like this, his doorbell rings way too many times during a warm night to

Steve be able to ignore.

When he opens the door, a very drunk Billy enters without being properly invited. Steve would say something about this if he wasn't busy laughing because of the obvious swollen eye.

"Did you talk to Nancy?" He asks, gleefully.

Billy mutters something that Steve doesn't register.

(The next day he'll find out Billy got massively drunk and went after Nancy, who was leaving the library with Jonathan. He called her a bitch and Jonathan intervened because he is nice like that and got punched for this.

Nancy lost control after that, she will tell Steve, her eyes shiny with laughter as she shows him her bruised fist, another battle won. Hopper is teaching how to defend herself, she will explain, and Steve will laugh and mention he should do that with Jonathan too.

"I can protect him." Is all Nancy will say and, well, it's true. She can. She does. She will. "I can protect you too, so you better warn Hargrove to watch out."

And people wonder why he fell in love with her)

Billy sits on the couch and looks so angry Steve almost feels sorry for him.

"Let me tell you this, Hargrove." Steve says "Nobody in their right mind goes after Nancy Wheeler."

"Yeah." He answers after a few seconds. "I realized that."

Steve smiles fondly.

"Let's put some ice on that eye." He says and Billy stares at him, surprised and open and Steve thinks that he shouldn't do this. Look like that, fragile and beautiful and broken and scared. Steve is good at letting people in and horrible at letting people go. His heart, the one he now wears on his sleeve because it's where Nancy gave it back, picks the pace as if it's screaming "Come here. I'm here. Take

me. Take me. No one else wants me anyway” because it has tasted love and it was so sweet it wants to drink it again and again and again, even if they both (*Steve and his stupid heart*) know Billy won’t take good care of them.

Still, Steve takes Billy’s hand and tugs gently until he gets up.

“C’mon. Before it gets worse.”

Ice is melting on Billy’s chest but he doesn’t seem to care. His whole body is flushed, his eyes are dark as he stares Steve directly in his — it’s a little uncomfortable to be watched when he is riding someone, but he can’t look away. There is something in them, something dangerous and hot and Steve’s breath hitches as he thinks about it. He closes his eyes and swallows loudly before picks up his pace.

It’s uncomfortable to ride a man, at least on the floor of the kitchen, the hard ground marking his knees, flattening them. He’ll have to clean the tiles it after Billy is gone — the sweat won’t get out so easily, it will make everything slippery and Steve will always know it was dirty with his semen, with their sweat, with their secret and their shame.

Steve lifts his whole body, lets only the tip of Billy’s cock inside him before he sits again, hard and unforgiving. He moans as he hits that spot and does it again and again and again. Semen starts to leak from his own dick and Billy cleans it with a finger, but not before he wraps his hand around his cock just to make Steve lose his balance.

“C’mere.” He whispers and Steve goes, does as he is told once again. The palm of his hands meet the cold tiles next to Billy’s head. Beads of sweat drop from his face to Billy’s as he leans in so he can listen to what he has to say at a moment like this.

“Don’t stop fucking yourself, your highness.” Billy whispers and laughs as Steve moans. “Keep up. Get what you want. Take what you need from me. You want my come in your ass, don’t you? Take it then.” He snarls the last sentence and Steve’s pace stutters. *Ah* .

“Do you remember that day when I got you on your knees after practice and came all over your face?”

Yes, of course Steve remembers. Of course he does. It was a terrible idea, but why? *Why*, when it felt so fucking good, why—

“I made you eat it, remember? I fed it to you and you ate like you were hungry for it. Like a slut.”

“Billy.” He moans. It's a warning. Fuck, he is going to—

“I'll do it again. I'll do it tonight—”

Steve bites his lips to not scream. It doesn't work.

.

Steve hisses when Billy prods him with his fingers. “What are you doing?”

Billy smiles as he takes his fingers out of Steve. They glisten with semen. “I told you, didn't I?”

His mouth goes dry. “You're kidding, right? You can't—” but his fingers are already inside Steve's mouth, deep and demanding and when Billy says “Suck it, babe”, he does.

.

Billy is smoking in his room when Steve finishes cleaning the kitchen. He's staring at the ceiling, thinking of something and almost doesn't notice when he enters the room — or at least that's what Steve thinks. He startles when Billy suddenly says, cigarette still on his lips “The fuck is wrong with this town?”

“Nothing.” Steve lies. “Why are you asking this?”

“The school's King is friends with his ex who cheated on him with the looney of this town. Same looney that brother came back from the dead after he went missing for God knows how long. And the best friend of Molly Ringwald died after a conspiracy involving the Department of Energy of the country.” Billy fixes Steve a look.

“C’mon, I’m not stupid.”

Steve snorts. “Could’ve fooled me, man.”

Billy takes his cigarette from his mouth and stares at Steve. The menacing look on his face means he doesn’t like being called stupid. “Your old friends told me you called your ex a whore, but then suddenly became BFFs with her and the school freak—”

“Don’t call Jonathan that.” Steve warns.

Billy smirks. “Something happened between you and them. And then it happened again after I kicked your ass.”

Steve glares. Billy glares back.

After a few seconds staring at each other, Steve finally says: “Do you really want to know?”

There is something in his voice, something so serious that makes Billy suddenly afraid. It shows on his face, a glint in his eyes. Steve shakes his head. “Nevermind. Ask me this again later.”

“When?”

“You’ll know when.”

Billy snorts. “You don’t make sense, King Steve.”

Steve stares at his window. At the forest. It stares back at him. “I’m aware.”

Author's Note:

This was supposed to be funny and hot, but in the end it turned out to be more about Steve not dealing with what he witnessed and fought than anything else. I think much of the recklessness he shows in this work and the apathy are traces of PTSD that he still doesn't know is there. It shows very little, I think, but it was not a conscious decision. It was just there.

I know, I could have edited some parts to show it more, but honestly I like how this work turned out and I don't really have the time to focus on this. Maybe one day I'll write a deeper fanfic about Steve and PTSD. Here I just wanted to write some NSFW Billy/Steve hxchvc

Hope you guys like it!